

*The Comickall Historie of*

To kisse her buriall ; should I goe to Church,  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,  
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,  
Enroabe the roaring water with my silkes,  
And in a word, but even now worth this,  
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought  
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought  
That such a thing bechanc'd vvould make me sad ?  
But tell not me, I know *Antonio*  
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

*Anth.* Beleeve me no, I thanke my fortune for it,  
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,  
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate  
Vpon the fortune of this present yeare :  
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

*Sala.* Why then you are in love. *Anth.* Fie, fie.

*Sal.* Not in love neither : then let us say you are sad  
Because you are not merry ; and twere as easie  
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry  
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time :  
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,  
And laugh like Parrats at a Pagpiper.  
And other of such Vineger aspect,  
That they'l not shew their teeth in way of smile,  
Though *Nestor* sweare the jest be laughable.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Lorenzo*, and *Gratiano*.

*Sala.* Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman,  
*Gratiano*, and *Lorenzo*. Fare ye well,

We leave you now vvith better company.

*Sala.* I would have staid till I had made you merry,  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Anth.* Your worth is very deare in my regard.  
I take it your owne businesse calls on you,  
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

*Sala.* Good morrow my good Lords.

*Bass.*

*the Merchant*

*Bass.* Good signiors both, w  
You grow exceeding strange :  
*Sal.* Weele make our leyfure

*Lor.* My Lord *Bassanio*, since  
We two will leave you, but at d  
I pray you have in minde vvhere

*Bass.* I vvill not faile you.

*Gra.* You looke not vvell sig  
You have too much respect upo  
They loose it that doe buy it wi  
Beleeve me you are mervellous

*Ant.* I hold the vvorld but  
A stage, vvhere every man mus  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the foole,  
With mirth and laughter let ol  
And let my liver rather heate vv  
Then my heart coole vvith mo  
Why should a man whose bloo  
Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Al  
Sleepe when he vvakes ? and c  
By being peevish ? I tell thee  
I love thee, and tis my love tha  
There are a sort of men whose v  
Doe creame and mantle like a f  
And doe a wilfull stilnesse ente  
With purpose to be drest in an  
Of vvisdome, gravitie, profoun  
As who should say, I am fir O  
And when I ope my lips, let no  
O my *Antonio* I doe know c  
That therefore onely are reput  
For saying nothing ; when I a  
If they should speake, would a  
Which hearing them would ca  
He tell thee more of this anoth  
But fish not with this melanch